

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 38.

Boston, September, 1905.

No. 4.



A SEPTEMBER LANDSCAPE NEAR BOSTON.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

As all our readers know, we have thought it a duty to call attention to what has seemed to us the mistakes of President Roosevelt. We have done this with the earnest wish and hope that he may make no mistakes in the future; and we now want to say that the efforts he is now making to bring about peace between Russia and Japan are simply magnificent, and deserve the unanimous approbation of the whole civilized world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Our newspapers are filled on this August 9th with the delightful receptions and entertainments of the Peace Conference, the champagne lunches, etc., and then the gay scenes which are witnessed at the Hotel Wentworth, with the songs and music and dances and hilarity and laughter of the fashionable rich who are there assembled. But to the thoughtful mind there are other things of ten thousand times the importance of those which fill the columns of our newspapers. Men have come from far off Japan and Russia

to decide the tremendous question whether another hundred thousand men and horses shall lie on the battlefields of Manchuria, dead and dying, and other hundreds of thousands it may be, of mothers, wives and children at home in their respective countries, shall endure greater sufferings than those who die. If there was ever a time when the prayers of all good Christians and all who believe in an over-ruling Providence should go up to the ear of Omnipotence, it is now, that wisdom may be given to those who have come to act in this Peace Conference to so act that it shall result in the immediate discontinuance of the present terrible war.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR CANADIAN VISITING MILITIA.

It gave us sincere pleasure to see on Sunday, August 6th, the Ottawa regiment of Canadian militia visiting our city file into Trinity Church for divine service. But in striking contrast it called to mind how when the terrible blunder was made of sending the Maine to Havana, her commander and officers, instead of attending divine service, went to a Sunday bull-fight, and how, when warned there of his ship's danger her commander apparently paid no attention to the warning, and how that night several hundred of his men were in one instant blown into eternity.

And then again, it reminds us how a few years ago our government was proposing to go to war with Great Britain about the boundary of a piece of wild land away down in Venezuela, in regard to which we had no more business to interfere than about land in South Africa, and the general in command of the New York militia informed the public through our newspapers that he was ready with a few hours' notice to start all the militia of his state to shoot, wound and kill our Canadian brother Christians, and General Flagler, head of our U. S. artillery, announced that the first thing to be done was to blow up the Welland Canal, and then we must at once begin erecting

fortifications for all our lake cities, in reply to which we sent out to the about 20,000 newspapers and magazines that receive this paper every month substitute plans to build a Chinese wall between ourselves and Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a double track railroad on top of it for the conveyance of troops, or blow up Niagara Falls and empty the great lakes into the Atlantic ocean, and so save the cost of fortifying all our lake cities.

We believe in every possible interchange of friendly visits between our militia and those of our neighbors, and the more they attend divine service during those visits the better it will be for the progress of civilization and humanity. GEO. T. ANGELL.

YELLOW FEVER.

Many years ago the Hon. Casey Young, member of congress from Memphis, Tenn., told me that he and many others escaped from yellow fever, which had been prevailing to a terrible extent in Memphis, by simply wearing powdered sulphur in their shoes. In one instance he had a large number of gentlemen in his offices and advised them in regard to this matter, and every man who accepted his advice escaped the fever, while quite a number of them who did not had it.

And I have heard that agents of the Howard Benevolent Society have escaped yellow fever by adopting the same precaution.

When the grip was attacking almost every family in Boston some years ago, I sent an officer to the Byam match factory, who reported that out of the large number of persons employed there not one had been attacked by the grip. I distinctly remember reading some years ago that all persons working in the Italian sulphur mines escaped the malaria that prevailed all about them. I remember, also, in a book written by an eminent German physician, translated into English, his assertion that persons observing the ordinary rules of health and wearing sulphur constantly in their shoes were completely protected from cholera.

It may be that the old New England custom of our forefathers and foremothers, giving to their children every spring brimstone and molasses, was not without a good foundation, and the effect of a few doses, as many of us know, is sufficiently powerful to blacken the silver pieces carried in one's pocket-book, so that car conductors and others sometimes hesitate to receive them. I think, in view of the present epidemic in the South, which may increase, it is well to send out this information widely through channels where it will be likely to attract public attention.

The above article appeared in the *Boston Daily Herald* of Aug. 14, and we hope may result in good. GEO. T. ANGELL.

ADMIRAL SIGSBEE.

A Boston editor says that Admiral Sigsbee seems to have had luck. Because of somebody's carelessness his uniform did not come in time to be worn at the President's reception of the peace delegates, and he had the bad luck to be in command of the Maine when she was blown up in Havana harbor.

It has seemed to us that it was not bad luck but carelessness that the Maine was blown up. If, when Commodore Sigsbee attended that Sunday bull-fight and was warned that his ship was in great danger, he had given orders that some of his boats should be kept out during the night around the ship to prevent any hostile approach, we think the Maine might never have been blown up, the lives of several hundred sailors might have been saved, and the Cuban and Philippine wars avoided.

Soon after our civil war we had an intense desire, for personal reasons and plans, to investigate the condition of things in the southern states, and so we took letters from Boston merchants to prominent secessionists, and from Gen. Howard in command of the Freedmen's Bureau, and Assistant Sec. Chandler of the U. S. treasury, to government employees in the southern states, and started on our journey. One item of information we obtained from distinguished Confederate officers was that a balky mule decided the battle of Gettysburg. The southern and northern troops were both attempting to reach an eminence, the position of which practically decided the battle, and the southern column was blocked by a balky mule just long enough to enable the northern troops to gain the eminence, and so that balky mule really decided the battle. If the statement of these Confederate officers was correct it shows what vast results can come from a very small matter, and if a little carelessness might have caused the blowing up of the Maine it shows how easily the Cuban and Philippine wars might have been prevented. GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOLLAND.

A friend shows us this morning a picture taken on the coast of Holland of a company of women and children with their wooden shoes and peculiar bonnets with the little gold bells fastened upon them.

As all our readers know, a great part of Holland would be under water but for the vast dykes or embankments which the Dutch have built to keep out the ocean.

It reminds us of an interesting story, how Frederick the Great was anxious to conquer Holland and make it a part of his possessions; so one day he invited the Dutch ambassador to witness a review of his army, and after one large body of troops had marched by he said to the Dutch ambassador, "What do you think of those men?" "Good soldiers," replied the ambassador, "but not tall enough." Another large body of troops passed by and Frederick again asked, "What do you think of those men?" and received the same reply, "Good soldiers, but not tall enough." Then came Frederick's great body-guard, composed of giants, which the king had brought together from all parts of his kingdom, and with a triumphant air the king asked the ambassador, "What do you think of those men?" and again the ambassador made the same reply, "Not tall enough." "What do you mean?" said Frederick. "I mean," said the ambassador, "that we can flood Holland eight feet deep." The king concluded not to attempt the conquest of a country which could be flooded eight feet deep. GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE PROBLEM OF HIGH CRIMES.

A distinguished company of gentlemen listened at the *Hotel Vendome, Boston*, a few years ago, to an address upon "The Problem of 'High Crimes' in the United States," by Andrew D. White, ex-United States minister to Russia, and former president of Cornell University.

By a startling array of facts and figures he showed that crime, especially murder, was more prevalent in the United States than in any other country on the face of the globe.

The fact that there were more than ten thousand murders in the United States in the previous year, against less than four thousand seven years before, was a terrible condition to contemplate, and it was a frightful prophecy made by Mr. White that more than ten thousand people in this country were doomed to die at murderers' hands before another April.

If this condition of things does not awaken our American people to the overwhelming importance of "Bands of Mercy" in our schools, and the humane education which our "American Humane Education Society" is striving to send out all over this country for the protection of property and life, then we do not know what will.

It is not personal murders alone we are striving to prevent, but the infinitely greater danger which may come to our nation through that greatest of all murders—wars.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

We do not pretend to understand much more about finance than the cobbler whom the old Dutch Governor of New York, Peter Stuyvesant, found haranguing a crowd in a public street, and told that if he ever caught him again prating of things he knew nothing about he would tan his hide for drum heads, that he might thereafter make noise to some purpose.

But in regard to the enormous accumulations of wealth which threaten, if continued, to place nearly all the financial power of the nation in few hands:—

It seems to us that there must be a stop put to this business, either by peaceful legislation or by a vastly more dangerous process.

How can it be done peacefully?

We think a way out of this great national danger may be found through limiting the amount of property which any one person shall be permitted to hold, and compelling all over that sum to be given to charities or paid into the public treasury for public improvements or otherwise.

If this be declared unconstitutional then change the constitution.

But not knowing much about finance, we would respectfully ask our readers to suggest some better plan.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge, near Saugong, China. It extends 54 miles over an arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70 feet above the water and is enclosed in an iron net-work.

RAILROADS MUST TAKE BETTER CARE OF THE ANIMALS THEY ARE TRANSPORTING.

(From Youth's Companion of Aug. 10.)

Lovers of animals will be glad to hear that the Department of Agriculture has found a way to enforce the so-called "twenty-eight hour law," which requires railroad companies to unload cattle from the cars in which they are transported, give them water and a rest of five hours once in every period of twenty-eight hours. For some time the law has been virtually a dead letter. The railroad companies in general, pursuing the course which was most convenient or most profitable, have paid their fines without complaint and broken the law again. Now, however, the Department of Agriculture has adopted the plan of bringing civil suits for damages in the name and for the benefit of the United States. Papers fixing damages at five hundred dollars in each case have been prepared in twelve hundred suits against railroads, many of which are now ready to compromise the claims rather than to defend the suits.

THAT CATTLE TRAIN.

The following comes to our table from a copy of *Our Dumb Animals* published some time ago, and we think it deserving of republication:

Our "*Massachusetts Reformatory*" paper of August 1st gives an account of a great smash-up of a cattle train near Concord, where "The Reformatory" is located, where the animals that were not killed were turned into a hot pasture with no water.

We copy the following:

"But two or three things came out very prettily during the day. Of course a crowd from the village soon gathered around the scene, and in this village "*Bands of Mercy*" were formed long ago and many young people have grown up here under their influence. And when the young people saw the distress of those thirsty animals, for there was no water, they went away and got their pails and began to bring water, and so all day long they continued carrying it, slaking the thirst of those who probably suffered as much as we might do. It was a pretty sight, and at night we were told that as the cattle-men began to move away with their charge, one little calf that seemed to have no visible hurt was given to one of the girls, who took it home."

THE SALE OF POISONOUS AND DANGEROUSLY ADULTERATED FOODS, DRINKS AND OTHER ARTICLES.

We want to keep the fact constantly before all the readers of our paper that there is an enormous sale, in our country, of poisonous and dangerously adulterated foods, drinks and other articles, causing tens of thousands of premature deaths and hundreds of thousands of cases of sickness; and that there is no complete remedy, except in the formation of independent societies for the protection of public health, which shall have their own analysts, microscopists and agents, who can neither be bought nor frightened. And then have a monthly paper in which all their discoveries and plans can be put before the public. Boards

of Health are undoubtedly doing much good, but if they become dangerous to the rascals who have enormous political power in our country, honest men who hold office under them may be compelled to give place to other men less honest.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

KIND WORDS.

Under date of Aug. 5, a Boston lawyer, just returned from England, writes us in regard to the ruling out of our May issue from the Washington public schools, because of our criticisms of President Roosevelt's hunting trip. He writes that our action has attracted wide attention in the English newspapers and has brought our name and work more prominently before the English public than ever before, and has accomplished more for good than we can possibly realize, unless familiar with English press clippings.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



HOW TO TREAT A HORSE.

[We receive this picture from a leaflet with the above title, sold by M. L. Hall, 126 Ridge Street, Providence, R. I.]

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

"China abounds in great walls," remarks a Pekin correspondent in a recent letter; "walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era, of great slabs of well-hewn stone laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. It was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 feet thick, 1200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. For 1400 years it kept those hordes at bay, in the main, and is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. How one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, and swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armor—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now, save the great pyramid—were toys. An engineer in Seward's party here, some years ago, gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labor at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet

thick straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years, without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labor the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent."

A Chinese encyclopædia of 5,020 volumes has been added to the library of the British Museum.

CHINESE TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

They never punish; hence a mule that in the hands of a foreigner would be useless or dangerous to those about it becomes in the possession of a Chinaman as a lamb. We never beheld a runaway, a jibing or a vicious mule or pony in a Chinaman's employment, but found the same rattling, cheerful pace maintained over heavy or light roads, by means of a tur-r or cluck-k, the beast turning to the right or left, and stopping with but a hint from the reins. This treatment is extended to all the animals they press into the service. Often have I admired the tact exhibited in getting a large drove of sheep through narrow, crowded streets and alleys, by merely having a little boy lead one of the quietest of the flock in front; the others steadily followed. Cattle, pigs and birds are equally well cared for.

We met in Paris in 1869 Mr. Burlingame, who was then our Minister to China. We asked him whether a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals ought not to be formed in China. His reply was that there was no such thing in China as cruelty to animals; the Chinese were about the kindest people in the world in their treatment of them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GAME IN THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

(From the Anaconda Standard.)

Attorney Dan Yancey, who is at present in the Yellowstone Park, writes as follows to a friend in Butte: "I never saw the like of game in my life, and it has wintered well. One sees but few dead elk, and you know there are nearly 50,000 in the park, besides vast numbers of deer, antelope, mountain sheep and other game. I counted 122 cow elk on one hillside near the hotel yesterday, while elk are to be seen all along the road, and you can ride within forty yards of them and see the velvet on their horns, which are now only about a foot long. Wild geese, ducks and grouse are flying around here, while I am awakened every morning by the pheasants drumming on the logs."

HUNTING.

We take the following from the *San Diego Union*, California, June 23, 1905:

A. E. Spencer, of Stockton, who has been enjoying a vacation at Glen Alpine on Lake Tahoe, tells a very pathetic story of an incident that is illustrative of the affection that exists among deer, which incident was witnessed by numbers of campers near the lake, says the *Stockton Independent*.

Two Indians coming down the mountain side startled a doe from her lair in the forest and she dashed down the mountain and into the lake. She swam a couple of miles in the icy waters when she was overtaken by a party of campers in a boat and towed ashore. The poor creature was so benumbed by the chilling bath that she was unable to stand and the kind-hearted campers administered whiskey to restore warmth, rubbing the suffering animal vigorously and, after getting her into a shed, covered her with blankets.

When they arose next morning the doe was dead and a loud bellowing up the mountain attracted their attention. There on a cliff that overlooks the lake stood her mate, a handsome buck, moaning and bellowing his grief for his missing mate. The scene was so sorrowful that those who witnessed it will never forget the sad impression it made.

OLD FAN.

BY REV. J. J. HILL, IN "PITTSBURG CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

It was a quiet, tearful breakfast that July morning. The boys could not keep back an occasional tear-drop, and when they spoke there was an assumed harshness about their words which was meant to cover up a breaking of the voice that might otherwise have manifested itself. Mamma, too, was not only very silent as she poured the coffee, but there was a suspicious tremor about her mouth and an occasional gathering of moisture about her eyes. And as for myself, I knew that if I showed what was in my heart it would be a signal for a general exhibition of grief. So I assumed a carelessness I did not feel and tried to talk of other things, and I think the folks thought me hard-hearted and indifferent. Little Russel and Florence were too young to appreciate the situation, though the former did make an occasional remark to the effect that "Fanny was died."

And who was Fanny? Only an old family horse. I put in that "only" out of deference to those who have never known what it is to own and love and lose an old family horse. To those who have owned such a horse and cared for it, and driven for many a pleasant summer day over country roads and through lanes, stopping now and then to let the children get out and play on some specially bright bit of grass, or to pick berries, while the faithful old horse refreshed herself with the clover tops which grew by the roadside—to them the expression "only an old family horse" will seem like an insult to a precious memory.

Only an old family horse, but what a power there was in her death to call up memories—how the boys harnessed her and fed her, and groomed her and drove her, and rode her, and lovingly climbed all over her without any protest on her part—how after that wonderful "first baby" came he was put with the mother into the buggy behind Fan, and driven carefully to the old home for his first ride—how years after, I came home bringing a bride with me, and we spent our honeymoon at the old home, and the rides we had behind her.

I have not the time to tell, nor have my readers the patience to listen to the story. It is sweet to think of the long trips we took, by easy stages, to the mountains in the summer-time—the pleasurable days spent in the woods when we left home early in the morning, drove to some quiet spot beside a stream, spent the whole day in ease and enjoyment, and then drove back again at night—the horseback rides around the yard the little ones took, three or four of them on Fan's back at once—the long rides I took on her as I travelled on Sundays to distant points to preach. All these things will all be understood by any preacher who has had an old family horse. Do you wonder there is grief in the home at her death?

I know some will say, "silly sentimentalism!" But there are some whose memories this simple story will stir, and they will be much more inclined to shed a tear of sympathy than to sneer at our sorrow over the death of Old Fan.

HUMBLE HEROISM.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD IN THE ALABAMA RIVER DURING THE SPRING OF 1886.

Negroes frequently exhibit a wonderful heroism in times of danger. An incident of this I witnessed in the spring of 1886, when a freshet in the Alabama river caused the country on each side to be overflowed by water for many miles.

The negroes on the river plantations were the greatest sufferers. Their cabins would be under water almost before they knew that danger threatened them, and hundreds of them were sometimes found huddled together on some knoll sufficiently elevated to be above the water. There they often remained two or three days and nights without food, and exposed to a soaking rain. Fortunately the weather was not cold.

Many relief expeditions were sent out from the neighboring towns to rescue them. These consisted of one or more boats, manned by expert oarsmen and swimmers, and filled with cooked provisions, blankets, etc. One day the news came that the negroes on a certain plantation had sought refuge upon a corn barn, around which the water was rapidly rising, and so rendering their condition exceedingly precarious. Two boats started out at once to their assistance. In one of these I went, accompanied by another white man and a negro. Just before dark we sighted the

corn barn, upon which a mass of black humanity clustered like a swarm of bees. A heavy rain was now falling, and daylight beginning to fade away. Their condition became almost distressing as they sat in perfect silence waiting our approach.

But we did not appreciate their extreme peril until the boat struck against the frail log building which was in the water to the edges of the roof and visibly shook and tottered. The poor creatures commenced to clamber hurriedly down to the boat.

"Stop!" I cried. "The women and children first."

The men obediently resumed their seats. We took in first the children and then the women, and were about to push off, telling the men we would hurry back for them as quickly as possible or send the first boat we met, when a very old woman (I noticed she was the last to get in the boat and had done so reluctantly) seized the corner of the house, and looking anxiously into my face, said:

"Marster, ain't you gwine to take my old man?"

"No, auntie," I answered, "the boat is too full now. He must wait till we come back."

The words were hardly out of my mouth when with a sudden spring she was up and on the roof again. It shook as she scrambled on it and took her seat by a little, withered old black man whose hand she seized and held as if she was afraid we would tear her away from him.

"Come, auntie," I cried, "this won't do. We can't leave you here, and we can't wait any longer on you."

"Go on, marster," she answered; "I thanks yer, en I pray de good Lawd to fetch you all safe home; but I am gwine to stay wid my ole man. Ef Simon got to get drowned, Lyddy guine git drowned too. We dun bin togedder too long to part now." And we had to leave her, after throwing some blankets and a lot of provisions to them.

As we rowed off in the rain and night a high falsetto voice, tremulous with age, came across the waters from the crib, where we left the almost certainly doomed group in the blackness of darkness. They dared not have a light for fear of setting fire to their frail support. We stopped our oars to listen to the song. It came clear and distinct. First Lyddy's trembling voice and then a chorus of a dozen or more of the deep bass voices of the men:

"We're a clingin' to de ark,
Take us in, take us in,
Fur de watah's deep en dark,
Take us in, take us in;
Do de flesh is po' en weak,
Take us in, take us in,
'Tis de Lawd we gwinter seek,
Take us in, take us in;
Den Lawd, hole out dy han',
Take us in, take us in,
Draw de sinnahs to de lan',
Take us in, take us in."

We could wait and listen no longer to the weird sounds, but struck our oars in the water and hurried away.

Most fortunately we came across a boat bent upon the same errand as ourselves, which went immediately to the barn and saved all of its living freight. The building had apparently been held down by their weight, for as the last one left it turned over and floated away to the gulf.

Their rescuers told us afterwards that as they neared it the first sound they heard was an old woman's voice singing:

"De Lawd is hyah'd our cry,"

Answered by the men:

"Take us in, take us in,
En He'll save us by en by,
Take us in, take us in."

To this simple-hearted old creature divorce courts and separations were unknown. With her it was "until death do us part."

M. E. S.

HELP FROM FRANCE.

The extent to which the work of our American Humane Education Society is reaching out over the world is brought to our notice on this July 17th by a kind letter from Dieppe, France, enclosing a liberal subscription and notifying us that the writer has provided in his will for the future increase of our work.

HALTS YACHT TO RESCUE DOG.

(From the N. Y. Evening Telegram.)

One look from the eyes of a grateful dog which was rescued while swimming aimlessly and in an exhausted condition far out in Gravesend Bay, repaid Frederick W. Thompson for all his trouble in saving the canine.

Mr. Thompson was speeding in his private steam yacht, the Nada, in an effort to keep an important business engagement at the Atlantic Y. C. at Seagate, when the dog was seen in the water.

Evidently having fallen or jumped overboard unnoticed from a private yacht, the thoroughbred Chesapeake Bay retriever was swimming in circles, so tired that only a part of its head was above water. It saw the steam yacht and as the boat flashed by feebly tried to follow.

"I cannot see the dog die," said Mr. Thompson to several guests. "Let the engagement wait."

Orders were given to stop the yacht and two of the crew rowed to the spot where the spaniel was making a last despairing effort to keep afloat. The dog whined weakly and struggled hard to approach the boat.

On the bottom of the boat she lay without moving, and when carried aboard the yacht lay still upon the deck. Some whiskey was poured down her throat, and when she got her strength back she raised her head and licked the hand of the man who was rubbing her body to restore circulation.

"The look in the eyes of that dog was almost human," said Mr. Thompson. "I shall never forget it. Nada, for that is now her name, had evidently been in the water for hours."

Nada's future is assured. She will be the yacht's mascot.

(For Our Dumb Animals.)

DANDY; OR A NIGHT WITH A DOG.

Bow-wow-wow!

wow-wow!

wow!

What is the matter with Dandy? I do wish that dog would stop barking—he may be sick—well, if he is, some one will probably look after him.

Bow-wow-wow! Strange that no one goes down to see what the matter is with Dandy. Surely some one ought to.

Bow-wow-wow!

"Poor brute; everyone caresses him in the daytime, but at night he moans and wails with pain, while those who call him 'darling' stay in their comfortable beds—" Here I jump out of bed, get hastily into my wrapper and slippers, and start to light a candle.

The clock strikes; I look to see the hour—half past two of a chill winter's morning. A better hour to return in gay spirits from a ball than to creep down stairs to tend an ailing dog.

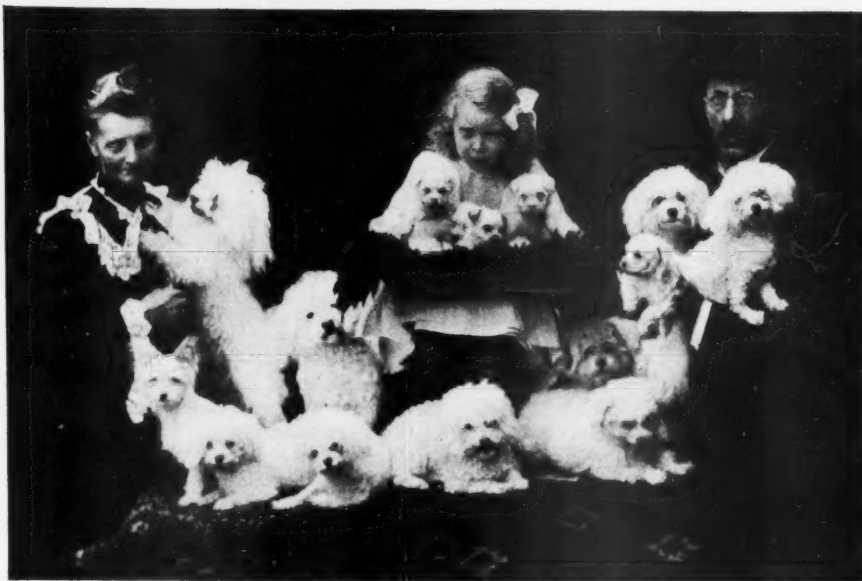
Dandy is delighted to see me; he jumps towards me, he fawns upon me, and he runs up stairs directly to my room, where he seems well contented to stay. I smile upon him, call him down-stairs, look to see if there is water in his bowl, and give him an old cushion on which he used to sleep before he was promoted to a basket. I then return to bed.

Bow-wow-wow! I had just dropped off into dream-land when I was roused by an extra loud bark from Dandy, and by a knock at my door, followed by the words, "Dandy is all right. I went down and gave him some water, and father went down to let him out. I felt his nose, he's—all—right." I slept.

The next morning at breakfast Dandy was greeted with sharp words.

At ten the door-bell rings; my next-door neighbor is announced. Morning calls are not formal, so I ask her up stairs. She seems excited, suggests that I should close my chamber-door; then in a low voice says to me: "Did you hear anything last night—about three o'clock this morning—yes, just at three, for I looked at the clock?" I describe our night. "Well, I heard Dandy bark terrifically, then I heard a rattling on your steps. I knew that someone was trying to get into our two houses. I looked out; I saw nothing, so suppose the man was skulking in the shadow."

We go down stairs, we examine the window-sills and door, we see a place where the paint has been flecked off, we hold each other's hands. "That must be the mark of a jimmy." We call Dandy to us, we caress him, we tell him that he can bark every night if he will only keep the burglars out.



THE FAMILY OF MR. AND MRS. E. ASKER.

A TRUE STORY.

(From Our Fourfooted Friends.)

I want to tell you of something I saw take place on a crowded Boston street the other day. A dirty-faced, ragged little lad was poking about in the ash barrels for spoils. He had a tiny dog with him, quite as unkempt and uncared for as himself, but around that dog's neck was tied a bow of faded red ribbon, and his incessant gambols and pranks found favor in the sight of his beggar-boy master. It was plain to see that the boy loved the dog, and between the two there was the complete understanding of mutual affection. Suddenly, while the dog was bounding and barking in the exuberance of canine joy and his master's eyes were sparkling with relish of this one thing in life that was his very own, there came a rapidly driven team down the crowded street. A moment later I saw a ragged boy, with set face and anguished eye, gather in his arms a maimed and dying dog and gently walk away. What had happened? Only a worthless street cur trampled to death, only a miserable little ragpicker robbed of the sole bit of joy and comfort his life ever knew, the one friend that loved him; that was all. But there was a look in the boy's face that will keep my heart aching for many a day to come, and the fluttering bit of fancy ribbon about the dead dog's neck brought a mist to my eyes that hid the splendor of the bright spring morning.

IRENE M. C. PRANCE.

LIFE SAVED BY A COLLIE DOG.

COLLIE BRINGS AID TO FRANK GERMAINE, A VERMONT FARMER, ON WHOM A LOG HAD FALLEN.

RUTLAND, VT., Jan. 28, 1905.—Frank Germaine, a Fairfield farmer, would be dead to-day but for his collie dog. Germaine, accompanied by the canine, went to the woods after logs. Later the dog returned home alone, and, whining and pulling at Mrs. Germaine's dress, drew her toward the door. She followed him to the woods and found her husband pinned to the ground by a log. She had to call a neighbor to assist in liberating him. Germaine was badly bruised and chilled, but will recover.

FUNERAL AT THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

In our August paper we gave an account of the funeral of one of the dogs of St. Bernard at the St. Bernard Hospice, which had saved thirty-four human lives, and how the priests of St. Bernard sang a Te Deum for the hero and every priest among them shed tears. As the following song was not published then, we give it in our September number, with the additional information from *The New Century Path* that in one instance the dogs of St. Bernard saved nearly two hundred tourists from great danger of death:

SONG OF THE TRAVELERS OVER THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

St. Bernard is a mountain grand
As any there is in Switzerland;
And many a legend of it is told,
How Hannibal with his legions bold
Came over its pass in the days of old.
But what care we for that bygone age,
For better subjects our hearts engage
In the noble monks of St. Bernard,
Who o'er the snow region keep watch and ward.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

St. Bernard owns a convent old,
Its prior and monks are as good as gold.
Nine hundred years or more it has stood,
And noble the deeds of its brotherhood,
And noble the deeds of its servants good—
Its servants, the grand old dogs whose name
All over the world is known to fame,
Whose service asks no greater reward
Than the love of the monks of St. Bernard.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah! hurrah for the noble monks,
And the dogs of St. Bernard,
Who over the regions of ice and snow
Keep vigilant watch and ward.

FUNNY ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1905.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month *fifty-nine new branches* of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of *sixty-two thousand one hundred and seventy-two*.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY AND PROTECTION OF DOCKED HORSES.

At the August meeting of the Directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th ult., President Angell reported that the number of animals examined during the last month in the investigation of complaints was 2,790; that 215 horses were taken from work, and 403 horses and other animals were mercifully killed.

59 new "Bands of Mercy" were formed during the month, making a total of 62,172.

It was voted that persons owning docked horses who do not feel able to provide them with thin cloth coverings, as a protection from flies, may call with horse at the Society's offices, 19 Milk Street, and receive them without charge.

TO PROTECT DOCKED HORSES.

Our readers will notice the following vote passed at directors' meeting of our M. S. P. C. A. August 16th:

Voted: That persons owning docked horses who do not feel able to provide them with thin cloth coverings as a protection from flies, may call with horse at the Society's offices, 19 Milk Street, and receive them without charge.

HOW MANY PROSECUTING AGENTS DO YOU HAVE, MR. ANGELL?

Answer: We have ten salaried prosecuting agents constantly employed, and several hundreds of unsalaried prosecuting agents scattered through the state to whom we pay expenses they are obliged to incur.

Including the travelling expenses of all these agents, our prosecuting department costs us about twenty thousand dollars a year, which is considerably more than the income of our M. S. P. C. A. fund.

But in addition to this we secured many years ago a law which makes it the duty of every sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable and police officer in the state, to prosecute every case of cruelty to animals that comes to his knowledge, and our great object is, through our Bands of Mercy, this paper, and in various other ways, to build up a humane sentiment in every city and town of the state, which shall practically make every sheriff, deputy sheriff, constable and police officer a prosecuting agent, and so add several thousands to those whose names appear in our annual reports.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 3 Stafford Street. Tel. 288-3.

For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—Charles A. Currier, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, James R. Hathaway, Charles F. Clark, James Duckering, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips; Emergency Agent, George Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

HOW DID HE FIND THE WAY?

Not long since Mrs. B—, residing in one of the interior counties of Missouri, left her home on a visit to some relatives living in Henry County, Kentucky, bringing with her a favorite dog. On arriving in Louisville she missed her pet, and search and inquiry failing to elicit aught concerning him, she was compelled to continue her journey without him. Fourteen days after the lady had left her home, the family

was surprised at the appearance of "Fido." Not less than nine hundred miles had been traversed by his dogship, and when it is remembered that he had been brought here by rail, and could have had no trail to lead him back to his old quarters—that the broad Ohio, and the still broader Mississippi, not to mention hundreds of streams of smaller proportions, lay between him and his puppyhood's home, the journey was a remarkable one.—*Louisville Journal*.

"OTWELL'S FARMER BOY."

We have received from Mr. Will B. Otwell, editor of the above paper, the following letter:—

CARLINVILLE, ILL., July 17, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Angell:

Would you have any objection to my running some of the chapters in "Black Beauty" or your other humane books as a continued story? I will order 500 or 1,000 books to start on, and the chapters printed in my journal will help to get them into the hands of my boys, of whom I have about forty-six hundred on my list, who ought to read them. I am in love with your wonderful work and want to help some myself.

To this we answer that we shall be delighted to have him republish in any form he pleases anything and everything he finds in our publications.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

HORSE SENSE REMINDERS.

Don't leave me hitched in my stall at night with a big cob right where I must lie down. I am tied and can't select a smooth place.

Don't compel me to eat more salt than I want by mixing it with my oats. I know better than any other animal how much I need.

Don't think because I go free under the whip I don't get tired. You would move up if under the whip.

Don't think because I am a horse that weeds and briars won't hurt my hay.

Don't whip me when I get frightened along the road, or I will expect it next time and maybe make trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have to carry you and the buggy and myself too. Try it yourself some time. Run up hill with a big load.

Don't keep my stable very dark, for when I go out into the light my eyes are injured.

Don't say "whoa" unless you mean it.

Teach me to stop at the word. It may check me if the lines break, and save a runaway and smash-up.

Don't forget to file my teeth when they get jagged and I cannot chew my food.

When I get lean it may be a sign my teeth want filing.

Don't ask me to back with blinds on. I am afraid to.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't put on my blind bridle so that it irritates my eyes, or so leave my forelock that it will be in my eyes.

Don't be so careless of my harness as to find a great sore on me before you attend to it.

Don't forget the old book that is a friend of all the oppressed, that says: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Farm Journal.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over sixty-two thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

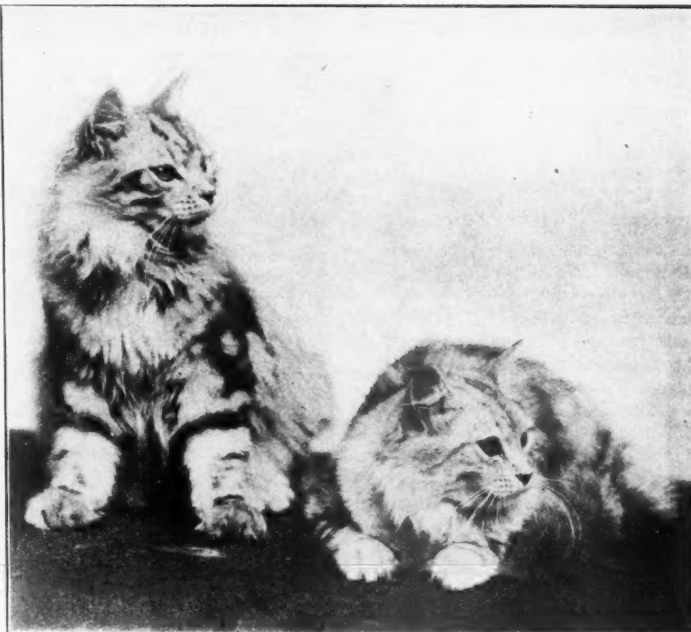
5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

From Oakland (Cal.) Times.

The affection of dumb animals for their offspring has found another demonstration in the conduct of an Oakland cat. Some time after giving birth to four kittens, at the home where she had been made welcome, near the corner of Fourteenth and West streets, she, with three of the kittens, was removed to another family's care near the corner of Fifty - eighth street and San Pablo avenue, a distance of forty - four blocks from her former home. One night recently the kitten which was left behind disappeared. The mystery was only accounted for when it was learned that the mother-cat had returned and carried the kitten all the way from Fourteenth to Fifty-eighth streets, where she placed it with the other three of her offspring, all of which she was affectionately caressing when the missing kitten was found.



[From "The Cat Review," Dayton, Ohio.]

FLOSS—A TRUE INCIDENT.

Floss was a big yellow cat, one of my many pets in my country home. One summer we noticed that day after day Floss went down across the meadow and disappeared in the edge of the cedar swamp. He always went in late afternoon, and one day I followed him, taking good care he should not see me. He skirted the swamp for several rods, stopped at a little open and, seating himself on a stump, began washing his face, stopping now and then to glance about in expectant fashion.

Shortly there was a rustling among the bushes, and a handsome yellow fox leaped into the open. Then the fun began.

Floss and the fox played at tag as gayly as two children. Floss was always the "tagger," and the fox ran this way and that and doubled and dodged in so comical a manner that once I laughed outright, whereupon they stopped their play and stood for a moment listening. Then Floss went back to the stump and the fox lay down on the grass. After a few minutes' rest they were up and at it again.

For half an hour I watched them from my hiding place behind a clump of cedars, until Floss was quite exhausted.

The fox was untiring, but Floss was not so nimble and was very fat.

About sundown they separated, Floss walking slowly towards home and the fox swinging off towards the near-by stream at a brisk trot.

I hurried to overtake Floss, but he seemed much frightened when he saw me and ran into the swamp. He did not come home until next morning, and never again did we see him crossing the meadow or find him playing with his wild comrade.

Our Fourfooted Friends.

Moving don't forget your cat.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

KINSHIP.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Copyright, 1905, by American-Journal-Examiner.

I am the voice of the voiceless;
Through me the dumb shall speak,
Till the deaf world's ear be forced to hear
The cry of the wordless weak.
From street, from cage and from kennel,
From stable and zoo, the wail
Of my tortured kin proclaims the sin
Of the mighty against the frail.

Oh, shame on the praying churchman,
With his unstalled steed at the door,
Where the Winters beat with snow and sleet,
And the Summer sun rays pour!
And shame on the mothers of mortals
Who have not thought to teach
Of the sorrow that lies in dear dumb eyes—
The sorrow that has no speech!

The same force formed the sparrow
That fashioned man the king;
The God of the whole gave a spark of soul
To furred and feathered thing.
And I am my brother's keeper,
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word, for beast and bird,
Till the world shall set things right.

Boston American.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Lord, I thank Thee for Thy mercies,
Lord, I pray Thee for Thy grace,
Grace to give me strength and courage,
All my daily tasks to face.

By the night air blowing 'round me,
By the stars and moon above,
By the blessed joy of sleeping,
Know I of Thy Father's love.

Let my dreams be softly peaceful,
Let my waking heart be light,
Let me feel through all to-morrow
The sweet comfort of to-night.

So shall I show forth Thy glory,
By the kindness of my ways,
And to God, like flowers to sunshine,
Will my heart turn, all my days.

F. G. E.

Maxwell's Talisman, Chicago.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

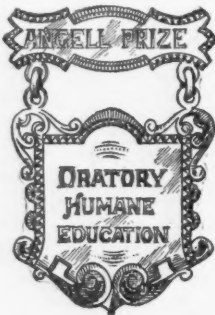
(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhust, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rowsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, come to the Supper of our Lord, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever!' What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!"

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."
GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead-lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

HOW A BEAUTIFUL HYMN WAS WRITTEN.

One day Mr. Wesley was sitting by an open window, looking out over the bright and beautiful fields. Presently a little bird, flitting about in the sunshine, attracted his attention. Just then a hawk came sweeping down towards the little bird. The poor thing, very much frightened, was darting here and there, trying to find some place of refuge. In the bright sunny air, in the leafy trees of the green fields, there was no hiding place from the fierce grasp of the hawk. But seeing an open window and a man sitting by it, the bird flew, in its extremity, towards it, and with a beating heart and quivering wing, found refuge in Mr. Wesley's bosom. He sheltered it from the threatening danger and saved it from a cruel death.

Mr. Wesley was at that time suffering from severe trials, and was feeling the need of refuge in his own time of trouble, as much as did the trembling little bird that nestled so safely in his bosom. So he took up his pen and wrote that sweet hymn:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high."

That prayer grew into one of the most beautiful hymns in our language, and multitudes of people, when in sorrow and danger, have found comfort while they have said or sung the last lines of that hymn.

A QUAIL FAMILY.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir: The poem in the May number of your paper on "Hunting for Fun" reminds me of another quail story, which I will relate:

"Some years ago, while living on a Tennessee mountain where quails were most numerous, I went out one day to get a couple for dinner. The dog soon started up a pair, which flew a short distance and alighted, keenly watching the dog; the latter instead of following them (as they, no doubt, thought he would) began to smell around in the grass as if he thought there were more quails. The moment the pair saw that move the male came back and alighted near the dog, trying to attract his attention to himself. As he was a fair mark I shot him; then the female came back and alighting by her dead mate began to flutter and run around, trying to call the dog away from that place; and I shot her also. Then taking the two birds I called the dog away and went to the house. The next morning I heard a great peeping down where I shot the quails, and on going there found a dozen or more young ones—none of them larger than a hen's egg, all crying bitterly for the lost parents. They looked up at me so pitifully, as if they would ask, 'Have you seen anything of father and mother?' It was then that I knew why the parent quails had so bravely exposed themselves to me and the dog. It was to save their young (who were hiding in the grass) from being scented out by the dog! Had they been humans they would have been called heroes! Was the willing sacrifice of their own lives to save their young any the less heroic because they were mere quails instead of human beings? I never felt so ashamed in my life, and I am happy to say that I have never shot at a harmless thing since that day."

Yours for Humane Education,

MARY E. CHANDLER,
Canandaigua, New York.

THE BOB-O-LINK.

"Leaning idly over a fence a few days since we noticed a little four-year-old 'Lord of the creation' amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful Bob-o-link perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor. The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The lit-

tle arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage; when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea:—'A link—a link—a li-i-n-k—Bob-o-link—Bob-o-link—a-no-weet—a-no-weet! I know it—I know it!—a link—a link, a link—don't throw it!—throw it!—throw it!—throw it!' etc., and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him and enquired: 'Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home.' The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied, 'Couldn't, cos he sung so!' Who will say that our nature is wholly depraved after that, or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity, and humanity mercy. The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds."

The Clinton Courant.



From "Phyllis' Field Friends," published by L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer St., Boston.

SOMETIMES 'MID THE DIN OF THE CITY.

Sometimes, 'mid the din of the city,
Where the race is eager for gain,
And the cares of daily existence
Press heavy on shoulder and brain,
Our thoughts fly away to the country,
Where the silence is restful and deep;
With no sound but the lowing of cattle
And the patient bleat of the sheep.

In the meadows the sheep and the cattle,
Unhampered by sorrow or care,
Have never a problem to vex them,
And never a burden to bear.
They go to their place in the evening,
When the sun sinks low in the west;
No thought of the cares of to-morrow
Will break the peace of their rest.

But man must eat—it is written—
His bread by the sweat of his brow;
And under anxieties many
His heart forever must bow.
Each day brings duties to claim him,
Each hour has burdens to suit.
Can it be that the life of a human
Is harder than that of the brute?

Ah, no! for these creatures unheeding,
Though they know not trouble nor care,
Neither know they the love of the Father,
Nor the blessed solace of prayer.
And he who has known of the harvest
That labor unceasing can yield,
Would not give up his place at the furrow
For the lot of the beast of the field.

For this is the rule of existence,
That burden and blessing are kin;
And gratitude, love and affection
Through sacrifice often we win.
This life would be robbed of its meaning,
If we lived as the birds of the air;
And we closest come to each other
When hardship and sorrow we share.

The Lookout.

The above poem calls to mind how, when we first were admitted to the bar of our

Suffolk County, we were offered a three years' partnership with an eminent commercial lawyer who was in the habit of working in his profession nearly every night until about eleven o'clock. We did not feel competent to undertake this work, and recommended for the place one of the strongest young men in the profession. He was broken down several times by overwork, and the last time we met him before his death he said to us that he thought it much better to be a cow than a man. It certainly was a great mistake to give up his whole life to working simply for the accumulation of money.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PRAYER.

O give me the joy of living,
And some glorious work to do!
A spirit of thanksgiving,
With loyal heart and true;
Some pathway to make brighter,
Where tired feet now stray;
Some burden to make lighter
While 'tis day.

On the fields of the Master's gleaming
May my heart and hands be strong;
Let me know life's deepest meaning,
Let me sing life's sweetest song;
With some faithful hearts to love me,
Let me nobly do my best;
And at last, with heaven above me,
Let me rest!

Westminster.

CHEERFUL AND HAPPY.

I should think that all the cruelties you are compelled to read and listen to, Mr. Angell, would make your life unhappy.

Answer. Just as we try to make the columns of this paper cheerful, and thus secure for it the widest possible reading, so do we try through pleasant books and otherwise to bring into our life all happy and cheerful thoughts to offset the sad and cheerless ones.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

New Bands of Mercy will be published in October issue.

FOR THE THOUSANDS OF DOCTORS
WHO READ "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" EVERY MONTH.

The doctor occupies a unique position. He lays down rules for the betterment of other people, but he cannot keep them himself.

For illustration, the doctor knows better than anybody else that hurry is bad for a man. When the business man calls him in and describes his mental agitation, difficulty in sleeping, irregular heart action, indigestion, and so on, the doctor tells him he must cultivate placidity, never be in a hurry, take his time about eating, etc. Then all of a sudden an anxious look gathers on his face, he hurriedly glances at his watch, says, "Well, I have no time to lose, there are a lot of patients waiting at my office," and off he rushes. Ten to one, if he gets any mid-day meal at all it is bolted at a rate that would make the business man burst with envy.

If you remonstrate with him he will say, "But I must look after my patients. They depend upon me." No; he hasn't time to take care of himself, the good doctor, he is always busy looking after other people, but he has to take time to die long before the natural expiration of his period of usefulness, and if anybody deserves to visit those "glory-gilded banks of Paradise" we are told about, it is the self-sacrificing doctor who is always in a hurry ministering to the needs of others.

If he reads this he will feel as though he had been stealing sheep, for he is as modest as he is good, and takes it as a matter of course that he should devote his life and powers to a service which is often thankless and ill-paid.

The doctor's generosity is matchless and his sense of benevolence is often his own undoing.

Not long since we dropped into a friend's office and overheard him saying: "But, my dear madam, why did you not have the prescription filled?" and saw him slip a half dollar into the patient's hand as she murmured some response, and say, "Have it filled at once. It is important to lose no more time."

When we hear the preacher talking about going to heaven, we always think, "What a mustering ground for doctors," for if any one goes, they are sure to be there in force.

The Medical Brief, St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT ONE BOSTON WOMAN DID.

A young woman walking along Lenox Ave. yesterday stopped in front of the Knickerbocker Spring Water Co.'s offices, and, addressing a driver of one of the trucks drawn up at the curb, said:

"Pardon me, sir, but your horse is about to collapse. If I were you I would get a piece of ice and a sponge and some water right away."

The driver and his helpers took her advice, but by

the time they had arrived with the ice the horse was staggering. The young woman grabbed the chunk out of the hands of the driver, who stood by apparently helpless. Alone she forced open the animal's mouth and thrust in the ice. Then she ordered the driver to hold the horse's head. He did, and the animal revived.

About that time R. R. Tarr, the manager of the company's offices, appeared. He thanked the young woman and asked her name.

"Why," said she, "my name is Alice Dudley. I'm a nurse in St. Luke's Hospital."

Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE CATTLE TRAIN.

By GRACE ADA BROWN, Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

(Written after reading the incident in *Our Dumb Animals* of children carrying water to the suffering animals on a cattle train.)

Oh, the hot and dusty plain,
Stretching north and stretching south!
Sands and brush and sands again
Seemed to cry with thirsty mouth
'Gainst the blasting, burning drouth.

Like the savor of a feast
In some starving wretch's dream,
Came at last the cooling rush
Of a tiny mountain stream—
Fluttering veil of gloom and gleam!

Long we watched with faces worn
From the journey of the day,
Rainbow after rainbow born
In the soft descending spray,
Born to flash and fade away.

Soon we felt within the soul
A keen pang of bitter pain,
Quite beyond the soul's control;—
Near us stopped a cattle train
From its journey o'er the plain.

Choked with dust and faint with heat,
Stood our kindred of the hoof;
Moaning low and plaintive bleat
Brought to us the dreadful proof
That they stood from hope aloof.

Soon two little barefoot girls,
Brown hands pink from berry stains,
Shook aside their ruffled curls,
Gazing at the cattle train—
Childish eyes brimful of pain.

Oh, the anguish and the trust
Struggling in the weary eyes
Of the herd, half blind from dust,
As the pity and surprise
In these childish hearts arise!

Quick they stretch the aching head,
Quick they draw the fevered breath—
Poor dumb brothers being led
In this fearful way to death!
Lo, the loving Master saith

That a sparrow shall not fall
Which the Father doth not know,
And His ears hear every call
From His creatures here below—
Whether cries of joy or woe.

Then these blessed children heard
With a tender, pitying heart,
And with speed of swift-winged bird
Flew to heal the woful smart—
Doing in God's work their part.

To and fro their little feet
Carried 'twixt the stream and train
Draughts of water cool and sweet—
Tiny draughts, but not in vain
If they ease a single pain.

A young lady, who was a little behindhand in her spring outfit, surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington. When they gave it up, she told them because she had no little hat yet.

COLLEGE HAZING.

There comes to our table a copy of the *New York Daily Tribune* containing a letter from Prof. Burt G. Wilder of Cornell University, on the above subject, from which we take the following:

"What can be done to abate an evil already great, and sure to be increased by specious views like those quoted above? After thirty-seven years of observation and reflection upon it, I am forced to conclude, firstly, that hazing never will be abolished by undergraduate action; secondly, that little aid is to be expected from the alumni, whose capacity for mutual entertainment at class reunions would be sadly diminished without tales of conflict with classes above or below. Moreover, some of them, especially the financially more prosperous, are members of stock exchanges, where is practised a particularly idiotic variety of hazing. Thirdly, that in a given institution hazing might be promptly eliminated if a few fathers of independent freshmen were to obtain for the latter permission to carry revolvers, and if the weapons were employed for self-defence, as in any other case of outrageous assault. Fourthly, that the preferable method is for college authorities everywhere to brand hazing as an absolutely unpardonable offence, and to enforce the penalty by the dismissal of entire classes if necessary.

"The following definitions and condemnations of hazing are from addresses of President Schurman, as reported in *The Alumni News* of the given dates: 'We used to be troubled in this university with hazing, with senseless collisions between classes, with the development of what is called class spirit, but which is really a kind of insanity.'—October 3, 1900. 'Any interference with the right or liberty of another student is, in academic parlance, hazing, and is in this university punished with the severest penalty, dismissal.'—May 2, 1900. 'There is one thing for which a man is expelled from this university, and never permitted to return, that is, disregard for the rights of others.'—September 30, 1903.

"For him who can ignore custom and repress the 'natural' but unworthy motives of jealousy, desire for domination and enjoyment of the humiliation or suffering of others, the traditional attitude of sophomores toward freshmen will appear simply monstrous, a relic of animalism and savagery, and wholly at variance with the spirit of fellowship that should unite scholars with the spirit of courtesy that animates true gentlemen, and with the spirit of fair play that should characterize, above all others, the youth of this nation.

Ithaca, N. Y.

BURT G. WILDER."

Prof. Wilder's suggestion that if the fathers of freshmen would obtain permission for them to carry revolvers for self-defence, it might, in the absence of better provisions, stop the hazing of the students who were thus armed, calls to mind our successful action when we entered Brown University, in 1842, and at once had our outer door so fortified that it could not be broken down suddenly, and gave out notice that we intended to shoot the first man who came through for the purpose of hazing us, and as many more as we could. In that case the plan certainly worked well, for we were not hazed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

S—"I compel our cook to keep an alarm-clock in her room."

P—"Does the gong arouse her?"

S—"No, but it arouses my wife, and she goes up two flights of stairs and raps on the cook's door."

We take pleasure in re-publishing this article which appeared in *Our Dumb Animals* nine years ago:

GOOD NEWS.

The following from that eminent Christian woman, President of our "*Women's National Christian Temperance Union*," whose voice has been heard by hundreds of thousands over this country, will be read with pleasure:

EVANSTON, ILL., April 28, 1887.

MR. GEO. T. ANGELL,

Kind and honored friend: I wish to be enrolled as a member of your "*Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*." My Secretary, Miss Anna Gordon of Boston, has often told me of you, and I look upon your mission as a sacred one, not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ.

Let me give you an incident; it occurred yesterday, and shows how one may turn a daily paper to account for our dumb neighbors:

I was riding in a hansom, in Chicago, and my driver often struck his horse, when so far as I could see the poor animal was doing his best. He was to wait for me while I made a call, and alighting from the hansom I handed him my copy of the morning *Tribune*, saying as pleasantly as I could, "My friend, I shall be glad to give you this paper to read if you will not whip your horse any more." He took the paper, looking rather sheepish, and on the return trip contented himself with cracking his whip.

Could not one often use the morning paper in some such way? I simply give this as a suggestion growing out of my own experience.

Yours with the highest esteem,

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

When we began our work various good people gravely shook their heads when we proposed to speak from their pulpits on the Lord's day in behalf of the Lord's dumb creatures.

We are glad to say that since that time we have been invited on Lord's days in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches of nearly all denominations, and to large union meetings of churches of various denominations in many cities and towns.

And we are glad to know that the best Christian men and women of the nation now appreciate the work. And we are glad to read such words as these from Miss Willard: "*I look upon your mission as a sacred one. Not second to any that are founded in the name of Christ.*"

What is our mission? To teach in our public schools and elsewhere in most effective ways, mercy—kindness to all who deserve kindness, both human and dumb—peace on earth and good will to dumb creatures, and peace on earth, good will to men.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NO DOGS ALLOWED ON THE CARS.

It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley railroad. The train had just left Easton, and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting cosily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over. But duty was duty, and he remarked in his most deprecatory manner:

"I'm very sorry, but it's against the rules to have dogs in the passenger cars."

"Oh, my! is that so?" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do?"

"We'll put him in a baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring."

"What! put my nice white dog in a dirty baggage car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss, but the rules of this company are inflexible."

"I think it's awful mean, and I know somebody

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

BY ELLWOOD ROBERTS.

The blessed day is dawning
When war and strife shall end;
When all mankind together
Shall dwell, as friend with friend.
That happy day, O nations,
Pray God He soon may send!

Too short is life for striving,
True treasure peace shall yield;
Too sacred life for wasting
Upon the battlefield;
How barren are the triumphs
Achieved with sword and shield!

Amid the gloom and darkness
Of ages long ago,
The savage, filled with vengeance,
Struck, fiercely, blow for blow;
And deemed, in selfish blindness,
Each fellow-man a foe.

But now the light is dawning,
The past is gone for aye;
New lessons man is learning
Of love and peace to-day;
War, with its thousand horrors,
Must surely pass away.

No longer men are groping
In gloom as black as night;
No longer true the dogma
That might alone makes right;
The shadows lift, the nations
Advance into the light.

No more shall cannon's rattle,
Like earthquake shake the land;
No more shall mighty armies
Fight madly, hand to hand;
No more shall Death and Ruin
Fly forth at War's command!

The blessed light is dawning,
Oh, may it e'er increase!
And bring that day's glad coming
When war and strife shall cease;
When all mankind together
Shall dwell in perfect peace!

Norristown, Pa.

The above poem tells the grand object of our American Humane Education Society, with its over sixty thousand Bands of Mercy—to hasten the dawn of peace.

will steal it," and she showed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman:

"Here, Andy; take this dog over into the baggage car, and tell 'em to take the best kind of care of him."

The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked the canine up as tenderly as though it was a two-weeks-old baby, but as he did so a strange expression came over his face, and he said hastily to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brakewheel.

The conductor no sooner had his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through.

"Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog!"

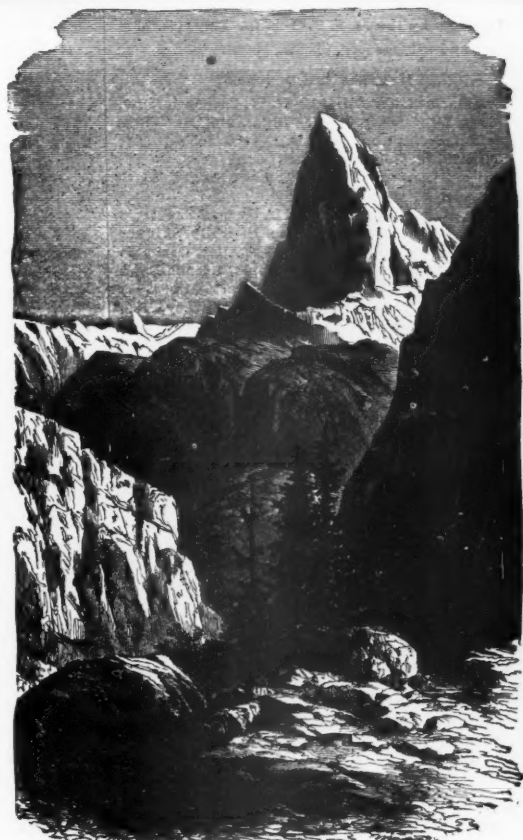
"Yes, sir," said the miss, demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

He laid the dog down on the owner's lap, and walked out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymn-tune to suit the worst sold man on the Lehigh Valley road.

THE FIDDLER.

Sometimes if you listen—listen
When the sunlight fades to gray,
You will hear a strange musician
At the quiet close of day;
Hear a strange and quaint musician
On his shrill-voiced fiddle play.

He bears a curious fiddle
On his coat of shiny black,
And draws the bow across the string,
In crevice and in crack;
Till the sun climbs up the mountain,
And floods the earth with light,
You will hear this strange musician
Playing—playing all the night!



THE MATTERHORN.

Horses are not deaf.

Sometimes underneath the hearth-stone,
Sometimes underneath the floor,
He plays the same shrill music,—
Plays the same tune o'er and o'er;
And sometimes in the pasture,
Beneath a cold, gray stone,
He tightens up his sinews,
And fiddles all alone.

It may be, in the autumn,
From the corner of your room
You will hear the shrill-voiced fiddle
Sounding out upon the gloom;
If you wish to see the player,
Softly follow up the sound,
And you'll find a dark-backed cricket
Fiddling out a merry round!

HENRY RIPLEY DORR,

In *Youth's Companion*.

HAS PROVIDED FOR FIRE DEPARTMENT HORSES.

Heretofore horses of the New York fire department which have grown too old for the hard work which they are called upon to do have been sold at auction, sometimes to lives of harder work and usually to poorer food and less considerate care. Henceforth they will roam at will "in green fields and pastures new." The son of a wealthy railroad man, together with some friends whom he interested in the fate of these faithful old servants, has provided funds which insure the horses a peaceful old age. Eight of these veterans are already enjoying their pension.—*The Youth's Companion*.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for July, 1905.
Fines and witness fees, \$203.39.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mrs. Charles I. Travelli, \$25; H. W. Carpentier, \$20; Ralph B. Williams, \$10; Miss Elder, \$10; Mrs. G. E. Daniels and children, \$10; J. B. Atwater, M.D., \$3; D. F. Smith, \$3; John T. Way, \$3; Cash, \$0.08.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Miss A. M. Randall, Mrs. M. J. H. Gerry, Miss Maria Murdock, Charles Francis Adams, E. C. Ely, Skinner Mfg. Co., Virgil S. Pond, Mrs. R. F. Miller, Orrin W. Cook, C. K. Lambson, G. E. Whipple, Brooks Bank Note Co., Miss Julia Delano, Daniel Clark, Mrs. A. W. Eaton, Miss K. C. Brown, Mrs. M. B. Whitney, Miss Susan A. Whiting, C. F. Hart.

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Total, \$301.08.

The American Humane Education Society, \$263.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. F. S. Mackenzie, \$3; Mrs. C. C. Ryder, \$3; Indiana Boys School, \$3; Au's Agency, \$1.75; Neal Bartleson, \$1.50; Mrs. B. R. Smith, \$1.50; F. K. Simonds, \$1.24; Rev. J. E. Ayars, \$0.75.

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

M. E. Chandler, B. M. Kingdon, Mrs. M. Munsell, M. F. Munroe, Priscilla Davies, F. A. Boyd, L. S. Balfour, Miss J. Thorpe, S. E. Jewell, Mrs. C. H. Goodrich, Mrs. E. K. Sullivan, Eliza Babb, Claire Curran, Mrs. E. S. Davis, R. M. Noble, J. M. Moseley, L. A. Barton, Mrs. W. H. Russell, Bertha Wallace, Mrs. V. A. White, Mrs. C. M. Branson, E. Balfour, Mrs. S. Moore, G. G. Tiffany, E. C. Clay, M. E. Wilks, Flora Porter, J. M. Quinn, L. J. Kendall, C. A. Poole, Wm. Baird, Mrs. F. A. Rollins.

All others, \$5.39.

Total, \$48.63.

Sales of publications, \$32.03.

Total, \$848.13.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society for July, 1905.

Bequest of Mrs. Harriet N. Hutchinson of Nashua, N. H., \$2,000; "A. Y." \$100; W. B. Otwell, \$12.50; Plattsburg (N. Y.) School Board, \$12.50; Edward Fox Sainsbury, \$6; Miss M. M. Buttrick, \$5; Katherine C. Corson, \$3; Newark (O.) Board of Education, \$2.50; Georgia S. P. C. A., \$2.50; Mrs. Robert Cochran, \$2; Mrs. H. L. Hodge, \$1.

Small sales of publications, \$5.68.

THE ENGINEER CRIED.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engineer. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt either, wouldn't you? Well I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it.

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the street. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me a little girl not more than three years old toddled onto the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more.

"As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I had stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."

Catholic Home Companion.

War is hell.

General Sherman.

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

We believe no other paper in the world goes, as "Our Dumb Animals" does every month, to the editorial rooms of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and we believe that no paper in the world is more seldom thrown into the waste-basket unread.

IT GOES EACH MONTH TO

All members of our two Humane Societies. Several thousands of business firms and men. All Massachusetts clergy, Protestant and Roman Catholic. All Massachusetts lawyers, physicians, bank presidents and cashiers, postmasters, school superintendents, large numbers of writers, speakers and teachers through the State. About 500 of the Society's agents in almost every Massachusetts city and town.

"Bands of Mercy" through the State. Many subscribers and others through the State. The Boston police. The Massachusetts legislature. Hundreds of coachmen, drivers and teamsters. The editors of all Massachusetts newspapers and other publications. Many newspaper reporters.

All our Humane Societies throughout the entire world. Large numbers of subscribers in our own and foreign countries. Thousands of our Bands of Mercy in our own and other countries. Members of our National Congress. Presidents of all American Colleges and Universities north of Mexico. Writers, speakers, teachers, and many others in various States and Territories. The editors of over twenty thousand American publications, including all in our own country and British America.

Of these over twenty thousand we have good reasons for believing that not less than nineteen thousand, and perhaps more, are read either by editors or by their wives and children.

Prices of Humane Publications.

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